



Having thus transmitted these papers to Edenton, N. C., the friends of Adams awaited a speedy answer; but no tidings of further proceedings were received until about the first of December, when Mr. Bennett received the following communication:

EDENTON, (North Carolina), Nov. 17, 1856.  
JAMES BENNET, Esq.: Sir—There is a negro in jail here, who says his name is Anthony Adams, and that he belongs to your place—that his mother's name is Ann Adams, and that he has a sister living with you. He is in jail as a runaway slave, not having any evidence of his freedom, and will be dealt with as the law of this State directs unless proof of his freedom can be made. He says his age is about nineteen. Fearing no one would attend to his matters, I have volunteered to write you in relation thereto. He tells me that you know him well, and can identify him. I understand that depositions have been taken in your place and sent here as evidence of his freedom, but being taken *ex parte*, were not introduced. If you know the man, I think it very necessary that you should come, and if it is impossible for you to do so, he says, please give Mr. Skinner, who is to come, all the information you can. His expenses will be paid, which I suppose will be about \$75, if it is attended to soon. I hope you will give this your immediate attention. It is a hard case for him to remain in jail, and he is a free man, of which I have no doubt. If you will come, it will save the trouble, delay and uncertainty in taking depositions. You may suppose that there was such a man left your place, as he describes himself to be, &c.; but that will not prove that this is the identical person. If, however, you, nor anyone else that knows him, cannot come, you will let me know by whom you propose to prove his freedom, and before what Commissioner, for this State, you intend taking the evidence, and send the Attorney for the State in this place may be regularly notified of the time and place of such taking.

Your immediate attention will confer a great favor on the poor negro. I have no doubt he will do any thing for you, in the way of compensation, that he is able. He has no money, consequently few friends.

Yours, &c., WILLIAM R. SKINNER,  
Clerk of Chowan County Court.

N. B. A Court can be called at any time, if you conclude to come.

Upon the receipt of this letter of Mr. Skinner, Mr. Bennett conferred with some friends, and it was thought that the attention of the Executive of the State of New York should be called to the case, and request the Governor to send an agent, and in the name and by the authority of the State, procure the release of one of her citizens. It may be here remarked, that about four months had elapsed since the affidavits, properly certified, had been forwarded to Edenton, N. C., before Mr. Skinner, the Clerk of the County Court, gave information that they were insufficient to release Adams.

To the first letter addressed by Mr. Bennett to the Governor, he received the following reply:

STATE OF NEW YORK, Executive Department,  
Albany, Dec. 6, 1856.

DEAR SIR: In the case of the colored man held in North Carolina, it is necessary to present to the Governor evidence of his having been kidnapped. Then the Governor can send an agent after him at the expense of the State. See Laws of 1846, page 319.

How came Adams in North Carolina?

Yours, respectfully,  
GEO. E. BAKER,  
Gov. of New York.

To enable the Governor to have a more detailed history of the case, Mr. Bennett wrote again, enclosing a copy of all the information he had respecting Adams, which was the letter from New York of July 21, the letter of W. R. Skinner, Clerk of the Court in Edenton, N. C., dated Nov. 17, 1856, and the affidavits of Messrs. Bennett and Greedy, forwarded to Edenton July 26, 1856.

It was while these papers were at Albany, awaiting the decision of Gov. Clark, that the writer of this received a letter from the Hon. A. S. Murray, Washington, D. C., covering a letter addressed to Wm. H. Seward, Esq. The letter, and the reply of Gov. Seward, are essential to a full history of the case, and I insert them accordingly.

The letter of Mr. Murray urged the necessity of sending a person immediately to Edenton to identify Adams and bring him home. The following is the letter of Gov. Seward:

EDENTON, N. C., Dec. 14, 1856.

Wm. H. SEWARD, Esq.: Sir—The object of this letter is to inform you that a black man, now calling himself Anthony Adams, having been in Port Jervis, New York, has been in jail here since the 29th of June, at an expense of thirty cents per day, and will be sold, if his identity cannot be established by some respectable white person. His friends have been unable to get him out, and that he certainly will be sold for his jail fees, if some one who knows him does not come and release him. He appears to be a quiet man.

His office is that he came to reside in the State. Our laws will not allow Northern free negroes to settle among us.

It is a burning shame that the citizens of Port Jervis should allow a citizen to remain in jail simply because they are too penurious to come and recognize him, and a terrible shame that the great State of New York, after shrieking for negro freedom, voting for Fremont and free negroes—should abandon one of her citizens. You being at the head of your Republican party—a man of sense and cunning—is the reason why I write you. If you will not help your friend, you must call on your friend Horace Greedy. Had it not been for Col. R. T. Paine, who is in the House of Representatives, the negro would have been sold long since. Call on Col. Paine for information.

FRED. L. ROBERTS.

To this letter, Mr. Seward replied as follows:—

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17, 1856.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 14th inst. informing me that a black man, calling himself Anthony Adams, having been in Port Jervis, New York, has been in jail since the 29th of June last, at an expense of thirty cents per day, and will be sold if his identity cannot be established by some respectable white person—that his friends have been unable to get him out, and that he certainly will be sold for his jail fees, if some one who knows him does not come and release him, has just been received.

The subject is very new to me, and I thank you, very sincerely, for the information.

I have at once written to a discreet person at Port Jervis, requesting that an agent, qualified by the necessary personal acquaintance with the person, may go to your place, and effect the release of Adams.

Meanwhile, I beg you to do me the favor to obtain a statement of the jail fees and other expenses required for his liberation, and to draw on me, at sight, at this place, for the amount, and I will pay the same on sight of your draft, so that the only expense may result from delay at Port Jervis may be avoided.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

FREDERICK L. ROBERTS, Esq., Edenton, N. C.

Without waiting for an answer from the Governor, as soon as the writer of this received information from Washington, requesting as to send an agent to North Carolina to identify Adams, he called upon the Hon. James Bennett, and suggested that he should proceed at once to Edenton, N. C., and release Adams.

To this he finally consented, and on the 29th December, left Port Jervis on his mission.

Just as he was leaving, however, he received the following letter from Albany:—

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
Albany, Dec. 23, 1856.

DEAR SIR: The Governor is very desirous of aiding you in the rescue of the kidnapped Adams, but he is advised that the law makes no provision for Adams' rescue by authority of the State. He is therefore reluctantly compelled to return you the papers.

Yours, respectfully,  
GEO. E. BAKER, Private Secretary.

JAMES BENNET, Esq.

Mr. Bennett proceeded at first to Washington, where he was introduced to Col. Paine of the House of Representatives from North Carolina, and from him learned the true history of Adams' imprisonment, the interest that several of the most influential men of Edenton had manifested to effect the release of Adams, and the proper course for him to pursue to effect Adams' release.

After various delays on the way, Mr. Bennett finally arrived at Edenton; and, as the Hon. Mr. Paine had given him letters, and also had apprised his friends that Mr. Bennett was on his way to identify Adams, no difficulty was interposed, and Mr. Bennett, with Adams in charge, left Edenton, N. C., with this pass:—

PERSONALLY appears before me, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the County of Chowan, and State of North Carolina, the bearer, Anthony Adams, and proves by James Bennett, Esq., that he, the said Adams, is a citizen of the State of New York, consequently entitled to the privileges of a free person of color.—Jan. 7, 1857.

ALEXANDER CHESNEY, J. P.

State of North Carolina, Chowan County.—I, William R. Skinner, Clerk of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions of the County and State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the foregoing genuine signature appears above, as an acting Justice of the Peace in and for said County, duly commissioned and qualified.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court in Edenton, this 7th day of January, 1857.

WM. R. SKINNER, Clerk.

With this certificate Mr. Bennett left Edenton, having no further difficulty in passing through the States on his journey toward the North Star.

But arriving at Portsmouth, Va., he found a law lying directly across his track, and was flatly told by the captain of the steamer upon which he wished to take passage to Baltimore, that he could proceed further with Adams, unless he (Bennet) could prove by some person in Portsmouth that the colored man with him was a free man. Mr. Bennett in vain showed his pass from the Clerk of Edenton—in vain offered to make affidavit himself before the Mayor that Adams was a free man. The oath of some person in Portsmouth, that he believed Adams to be free, would alone have sufficed.

Mr. Bennett recollected that while staying at Portsmouth the Sunday previous, he had formed a slight acquaintance with a gentleman stopping at the public house, had told him his business in going to North Carolina, and had also showed him the letter of Col. Paine. It occurred to him that perhaps this stranger would feel justified in going before the Mayor and making the required oath, that he believed Adams to be a free man, and in charge of Mr. Bennett to convey him to the State of New York.

Mr. Bennett found this gentleman, (to whom he feels under many obligations,) and having gone over the Mayor's required necessary papers to enable him to proceed to Baltimore.

Arriving at Baltimore, Mr. Bennett repaired at once to the railroad station, and asked for tickets for himself and Adams. 'Who will be responsible for the colored man you have with you?' inquired the ticket agent. 'I am responsible for him,' replied Mr. Bennett. 'Ah! my dear sir, that will not answer. We cannot take the colored man unless you give bonds to the amount of \$1,000.' Remonstrance was all in vain. The bond must be given by somebody who was known to the agent.

Mr. Bennett did not know a single person in Baltimore, and could not find one competent to give this requirement. Determined not to be foiled, he started for the Washington depot, and took the cars for that city, taking Adams with him, (not daring to leave him in Baltimore, lest he might be again kidnapped,) and the gentlemanly agent making not the least objection to his having a colored man with him, as he was now going South. Mr. Bennett again called on the Hon. A. S. Murray and the Hon. W. H. Seward, and stated the dilemma which he found himself. The latter gentleman gave Mr. Bennett a letter to two gentlemen in Baltimore, either of whom was requested to give the requisite bond, and Mr. Bennett left Willard's quite sure that all further trouble and delay were at an end.

Arrived at the station in Washington, 'I will take two tickets for Baltimore—one for myself and one for this colored man.'

The agent, looking at Mr. Bennett, asked, 'Who is responsible for the black man?' 'I am, sir,' and here is the certificate that Adams is a free man.

'That will not answer. Where did you stop?' 'At Willard's.'

'You must get him or some one else to say it is all right, or we cannot carry him.'

'But I shall lose the train. I assure you this is a free man, and I have a perfect right to carry him with me.'

'Can't help it, sir. You must get Willard or some one else to certify these facts, or he can't go.' Away to Willard's again must Mr. Bennett go, and did go—and lost that train—and procured the required certificate, and then Mr. Bennett and Adams were again on their way for Baltimore. The first gentleman to whom Mr. Bennett gave his letter from Gov. Seward proceeded at once to the proper office, gave the required bond of \$1,000, and Mr. Bennett left Baltimore and the slave States, with a more perfect hatred of the institution of slavery than he ever before had entertained.

After two weeks' absence, this journey to North Carolina, undertaken at this most inclement season of the year, at an expense of some \$200 furnished by the liberality of a few individuals, has this poor colored man been restored to freedom; after having been thrown into jail on the 29th June last, tried for the crime of kidnapping the State of North Carolina to reside, and fined by the Court of Edenton \$500; for which he was to have been sold into slavery—and would have been, if Col. Paine, Dr. Warner, Mr. Skinner, and a few other gentlemen at Edenton, had not interposed and raised objections to the legality of his arrest. To these gentlemen, Mr. Bennett wishes to express his high appreciation of their kindness.

The real facts of this case of Adams, as they are obtained from Col. Paine and others—as well as the statement of Adams himself since his return—appear to be these: Sometime in November, 1855, Anthony Adams, the colored man in question, shipped on board the schooner James S. Davidson, bound from New York to Plymouth, N. C., the Captain agreeing to give him \$20 per month until his return to New York. Adams says he was taken sick at Plymouth, and the Captain had him sent to the Hospital. Here he remained about two months, and after having recovered, he hired out on a fishing boat for about two months; worked at the wharves in Plymouth; was again taken sick; and while yet unable to work, but sufficiently recovered to be about the place, he was on board a steamer (the *Chief*), lying at the wharf, talking with the hands of the boat; the boat unexpectedly, to him, moved forward, and he was thrown overboard, and swam ashore, and was taken up by the boat's crew, and the Captain of the boat seized him, tied him with a strong rope, accused him of being a runaway slave—and when the boat arrived at Edenton, N. C., the Captain gave him, still tied in charge of a constable, who immediately carried him to the jail at that place, and there he remained from the 29th of June, 1856, to the 29th of December, except when he was taken into Court, and tried for coming into the State to reside. At this trial, he understood that he was fined \$500, and would be sold into slavery for a number of years; and while he was in jail, a number of slave-dealers came in the prison, examining him, and making him understand that he was to be sold, and that he would be sold to a white man—some naming a price which would give, &c. Adams says he has always declared that he was a free man, and never intended to reside in the State; that several gentlemen had interested themselves in his behalf; that the happiest moment of his life was when he heard the voice of Mr. Bennett, calling to him, and that he believed he was to be released; and that now he is again restored to freedom, he can only give assurances of a grateful heart toward every one who has been instrumental in his rescue.

I understand from Mr. Bennett that he learned from Col. Paine, that having heard that a colored man claiming to be a free man, was likely to be taken under a judgment obtained in one of the Courts in that State, for having, against their laws, come into the State to reside, and satisfying himself that Adams was really a free man; and learning the still more important fact that Adams had been brought into the county tied hand and foot, consequently against the law, and that the only evidence of his being a free man was the statement of Adams himself, which in North Carolina could not be taken as evidence, they (Col. Paine and others) were determined, if possible, to have the judgment set aside, and prevent the sale of Adams. This was effected, and Adams retained in jail under a complaint of his being a runaway slave, while Mr. Skinner, the Clerk of the Court, gave him a pass, which he showed to Mr. Bennett of Port Jervis, N. Y., of the condition of things—doubting not but that successful efforts would be made to restore Adams to freedom.

I have thus given a brief history of this case, and leave you to make such comments, and draw such inferences, as you may; but would myself remark that it is another instance of partial legislation in favor of slavery, in this case so palpable that even a dauntless man may discern it. Had a slave been arrested in Port Jervis, the Marshal's posse, backed by the whole military force of the Government, might have been put in requisition upon the oath of a claimant before a commissioner that the property belonged to Mr. A. of Edenton, N. C., and the treasury would have been freely forwarded to Edenton in the quickest possible time (the chattel) whose 'service or labor was due' to Mr. A. But if the poor, trembling 'property person' should set up a claim that he was free, no evidence of that fact could be shown at Port Jervis. It would be enough

for him to prove his right to his own bones and muscles after arriving in Edenton, N. C., and no railroad agent would demand certificates and bonds at every change of cars during the transit from Freedom to Slavery.

But a free citizen of the Empire State—or, as Fred. L. Roberts has it, 'the great State of New York'—is seized—tied, hand and foot—thrust into jail in a slave State—tried, and condemned to be sold as a slave, on the false charge that he came to 'reside' in the State of North Carolina!

Humanity shudders at the wrong, and slaveholders themselves throw their influence in favor of justice, and plead for the oppressed.

The State of New York is appealed to in behalf of Freedom, but the Executive is 'reluctantly' compelled to say that there is no law to authorize him to send relief. Sworn affidavits, under the seal of the county, avail nothing. The proofs must be brought there, to Edenton, North Carolina. No Marshal's posse backed by the increased free man, backed by the army, ready to throw open the prison doors at Edenton, and bid poor Adams go free; and no treasury is opened to restore to Freedom one of the free citizens of North Carolina!

Time passes. A free man is to be made a slave. Will no one save? Yes! sympathy for the oppressed is not dead. What the State cannot do may be done by private effort; and noble spirits there are yet whose generosity does not stop to calculate whether their exertions in behalf of Freedom will be lost or not.

But now that he is free, no time should be lost by the friends of Freedom in Congress to secure the passage of a law by which the General Government shall give the same protection to a free man in a slave State as it does a slave owner over his chattels in a free State.

The fourth article, second section of the Constitution of the United States declares: 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.' Did Anthony Adams, a citizen of New York, receive those rights?

The Legislature of the State of New York will fail in its duty toward the citizens, if it does not pass a law at its present session, authorizing the Executive to act efficiently in similar cases.

Very respectfully,  
Port Jervis, Jan. 30, 1857.

From the Milwaukee Democrat.

DISUNION.

The growth of the Disunion sentiment in this country is remarkable. In 1842, the venerable JOHN QUINCY ADAMS scarcely escaped expulsion from the House of Representatives, because he asked leave to present a petition of a few citizens from Massachusetts, in favor of the Disunion Union. Nine days was the 'Old Man Eloquent,' the noble champion of the Right of Petition, arrayed at the bar of the House, as guilty of treason, but finally his eloquence triumphed over the machinations of the slaveholders. Some ten years ago, Abolitionists were mobbed in nearly all parts of the North, upon the plea that they were Disunionists, even if they disclaimed all such intentions. But now, we believe that public opinion has become sufficiently tolerant to permit an open discussion of the question in most parts of the Free States. This change of public opinion has been produced by the constant agitation of the slavery question on the one hand, and the aggressive of the Slave Power on the other. At present, there are but comparatively few persons in the Union in favor of its dissolution, but unless measures are devised to gradually abolish slavery, their number will continue to increase.

But we do not wish to discuss, in this essay, the 'practicability' of dissolving the Union, but merely to state the rights of the citizen, and the duty of the subject. The Republican press, we are sorry to say, has not treated the distinguished men who believe that the people of this country would be benefited by an abrogation of the present Constitution with sufficient candor; and we are actually, sick to hear prominent Republican Senators, day after day, assert that they are not Disunionists, when they ought to treat such loose charges with the strict contempt they merit. As for the pseudo-Democratic press, the Union hobby has long been its only stock in trade, and of course it holds up its hands in holy horror when the right of free discussion is claimed upon this, as upon all other subjects.

MORE VILLANY IN KANSAS.

It will be seen by a letter from our Kansas correspondent, that a new and important measure has been made in the Kansas Legislature toward the framing of a pro-slavery Constitution.

This bill provides for the taking of a census, or list of voters, by certain bogus officials, who have an absolute and unlimited discretion to place on that list any person whom they may choose to set down. And the bill is so framed, that the list of voters, which is to be taken on the 10th of April, in each county, before the 10th of April, which bogus official is vested with the power of adding to, or striking from the list, until the list of May; inactivity on the list of April still being the only test provided.

The list thus made out are to be printed and circulated, and on the basis of this enumeration, the Delegates, sixty in number, are to be appointed by the Governor to the Election Districts. The election of Delegates is to take place on the third Monday in June, at places fixed by the bogus Court, and to be presided over by the Judges of the Supreme Court, who are to be appointed by the Governor.

The Delegates thus elected are to assemble at Lexington on the first Monday of September. The bill contains no provision for submitting the Constitution thus framed to the approval of the inhabitants of the Territory—which, in the interval between the choice of the Convention and the completion of the list of voters, will be likely to do more than any such submission to popular approval evidently forms no part of the plan.

To a Constitution framed by such a Convention, the same objection will lie which is urged against the existing Free State Constitution—namely, that being a Constitution of a faction, and not a free and full expression of the sentiment of the people of Kansas. There is the additional and most fatal objection, that the people of the Territory have no check upon the doings of the sixty Delegates, who, if they should happen to be mainly elected by Missourians who had become inhabitants on the 1st of April, the purpose of the bill is to bring the list of voters, and their residence in the Territory may have ceased with the act of voting—the interval being under the provisions of this act, enjoy the privilege of imposing a Constitution on Kansas, to which the real inhabitants of the Territory would have no power of saying nay.—*Tribune*.

MR. PILLSBURY ON FOREIGN TRAVEL.

To Editor of Telegraph and Chronicle:

A few evenings since, I listened to a Lyceum lecture from Parker Pillsbury, which was a lecture 'as a lecture.' The subject was 'The American Abroad.' It was not a mere enumeration of objects seen, but a common-sense, and well-considered, and well-arranged discourse, embodying the mental and moral results of his own observation during a period of two or three years spent in Europe, interspersed with amusing portraits of some of those who, going abroad, allege everything like Friction, Republicanism or democracy, and play the symphony of some works of art not usually mentioned by American travellers, and his descriptions of land and ocean scenery, were exceedingly vivid and graphic word-paintings. The description of Antwerp Cathedral, especially, was (like the structure itself) a masterpiece. I saw a picture of a hundred years ago, but had no conception of its vastness and beauty until I heard this lecture.

Mr. Pillsbury closed with some impressive remarks upon the superiority of the human soul to all natural scenery and artistic grandeur, and inculcated the development and exaltation of the mind and character as the highest end of all travel abroad. I have heard many of the foremost and popular lecturers of this country, but never listened to any production from the most popular, which surpassed this in intrinsic merit. Pillsbury, in his stalwart rhetoric, is like Crabbe in poetry. Of the latter, Byron said that he was 'Nature's sternest minister, but her best.'

Mr. Pillsbury has delivered this lecture in Bangor, soon after his return to this State delivered it before a Lyceum in the town where I reside, and is also fulfilling other engagements for its delivery. Whoever may hear it will listen to an able and interesting production, free from cant and fastidious, and abounding in thrilling and instructive passages. J. P.

## The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 20, 1857.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

Mrs. Stowe writes from Europe to the *Independent* that on that side of the water, with men who feel the chain of a despotic government, and who sigh and long for the free air which Northern Americans breathe,—it is inconceivable how quick-sighted they become in all the ethics of the great question of slavery; and to this she adds, that she generally finds them well informed on that subject, and watching with keen interest the movements relating to it in America.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Stowe finds some better examples of the intelligence and discrimination which she praises, than are exhibited in an article entitled 'The present crisis in the United States,' which appears on the first page of the *Independent* of February 8th. This article, written for, and published in the *Archives du Christianisme*, was sent to Mrs. Stowe by the editor of that publication, with a request for its transmission to this country, that Christians in America may see how their cause looks in the eyes of Christians in Europe. Thus we now have it in the *Independent*, and are enabled, in our turn, to judge of the ethical accuracy and clearness of vision of one, at least, of the Christians of Europe. Mrs. Stowe further informs us that the writer of this article, Count de Gasparin, is a man whose personal character and standing in society entitle his opinions to the greatest weight; that he distinguished himself in the National Assembly by his anti-slavery zeal in the debates relative to slavery in the French colonies; and that he is at present one of the most active and influential members of the French Protestant church. We presume him to be the same Count de Gasparin whose book, recently translated in this country, 'Science vs. Modern Spiritualism,' makes the curious burden of identifying the American Unitarians with the American spirit-rappers.

To show that the author of this article understands what slavery is, we give the following extracts. He is speaking of the course of policy systematically pursued by the Slave Power:—

'To create enough slave States to counterbalance the creation of the free, is their natural line of policy. Hence come continual aggressions and new projects for ever rising from the ashes of the old; and in all, the common end is not the glory of the confederation, but the formation of new slave States. Yesterday it was Texas, to-day it is Kansas, to-morrow it will be Mexico—then Nicaragua, already occupied by Walker. Again they will lay the hand on Cuba, to make sure the perpetuity of slavery there, and to prevent the scandal of her abolition—scandal which the American government has already declared would be equivalent to a declaration of war.'

In a word, to confirm slavery wherever it is threatened—to carry slavery where it does not now exist—to swell the diarchy to enormous proportions—to secure all those who attempt to lead it—such is the plan of action personified by the newly elected American President—the plan for which the South has voted as one man, and to which Pennsylvania (ah, Pennsylvania!) has given her twenty-seven votes.

Well, then, what is the condition of the South? To hear many people talk, one would imagine slavery is not so black as it is painted. We do not want for honest travellers, who, on returning from America, shrug their shoulders when one speaks of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and say, 'What a nonsense!—the negroes are not cruelly abused, and that the reality is very different from the romance.'

Very well, then, do not read Madame Beecher Stowe, read simply the journals of the South—the sermons of the South—the advertisements of the South—the official acts of the South, and what will you see? I do not speak of what lies at the bottom of slavery, always and everywhere: men sold like beasts, the irresponsible power with all its brutalities, the constant wars of the immortal soul, with Christ denied, the privation of every right of immortality, the laws against instruction, the difficulties of enfranchisement, the insecurity of marriage. Lay all this aside for a moment, and look on one simple common scene.

Confess with me to this place in the neighborhood of a church, and these men who come here to hear the Gospel, what are they going to do? They are going to sell one by one the members of a family, who are exposed on the stand, advertised to be sold singly or in lots, at the convenience of purchasers. This one says the wife, the husband, a third carries off the son, a fourth the daughter—the infant torn from the arms of its mother is disposed of in its turn. These carnal deeds—how they cry out before God! Ah, deities of the South, who pretend to be Christians, encourage them, which labors to propagate them, that our country should be the scene of such enormities!

Such are the facts, not exceptional but general, to which the debates of legislative assemblies, the laws and proclamations of the South, give a character infinitely different from the character of the South, as it is in reality composed, their consciences would be revolted. Would they dare to pray thus? 'Oh, Lord, we beseech Thee to preserve among us the institutions which perpetuate impurity, which destroy marriage, which annihilate the family, which destroy the sacred affections?' No, with such a view they would not persist one day; no sacrifice would be too great for them to be free from it.

Count de Gasparin has thus shown that he understands how infamous, how atrocious this system of slavery is, and how churchmen (whom he calls *Christians*) and their clergymen not only maintain, but approve and glorify it. Now let us see what his attitude towards these men is:—

'We desire to cast a stone at no one; not even at the declared champions of slavery; not even at those men in the free States, who have just given to this anti-slavery so deplorable a victory.'

And again:—

'Christian victories should only be gained by Christian arms. Should we denounce all the proprietors of slaves as monsters? Should we declare that the numerous preachers who defend slavery are all hypocrites? Should we represent the Southern States as a haunt of wretches, destitute of the common sentiments of humanity? No. We should not begin in this way. We should remember, that placed under the same influences, engaged in the same interests, entangled in the same complications, we should be perhaps drawn to express the same sentiments.'

As if that would justify such a position! and again:—

'And even in regard to the defenders of slavery in the North—even in regard to those electors of Pennsylvania, who have just decided the election of Buchanan, Christians should remember that they also may possibly have been blinded by considerations of mistaken patriotism, which have after all a respectable side to them.'

The following passage shows that Count de Gasparin understands the low aims and compromising policy of the Republican party in the recent election:—

'What was the point of contest? Did the Fremonsters aim at immediate emancipation? Not the least in the world! They simply limited themselves

to demand that the ancient boundaries placed by compromise should be respected, that slavery should not be allowed to develop them for the invasion of Kansas, and that all new conquests of territory should be arrested.'

But, though he thus clearly understands this, his whole article shows that he recognizes (or chooses to mention) no organized movement in the United States in opposition to slavery except that of these 'Fremonsters.' We must suppose, of course, that Mrs. Stowe has had no personal communication with Count de Gasparin, or she would have given him better information.

Our next extracts from this article will show these two things; first, that its author constantly applies the epithets 'anti-slavery' and 'abolition' to these same Fremonsters, who, he has already admitted, aimed 'not the least in the world at immediate emancipation,' and who distinctly agreed 'that the ancient boundaries placed by compromise should be respected,' and next, that he relies upon the Church, either as forming an integral part of the Fremon movement, or prospectively to be allied with it, for the ultimate overthrow of slavery.

'Behold the immense hourly increasing army of Christians, determined to make an end of slavery! If some churches are feeble, if they, alas! for the sake of the union, have consented to be silent, there are others who, cost what it may, have lifted the flag of truth. The battle is set, in spite of the counsels of sloth and timidity, and to engage in the battle is almost as difficult as to gain it.'

'In the United States, thanks to the Christian element which now more and more rallies to this standard, the war against slavery has at last won the place which belongs to it. Ten years ago, it was almost the only one. If from the electors we turn back to the people themselves, we should doubtless discover a majority for Fremon.'

'Yes—the only one. They had but slavery in view. They voted for and against slavery.'

'Such a defeat as this last is sure to end in a victory. What progress! This subordinate question has almost become the only one. If from the electors we turn back to the people themselves, we should doubtless discover a majority for Fremon.'

Here, then, is the position of Count de Gasparin. Look carefully at it, and compare its various parts with each other.

He sees clearly that slavery is anti-Christian as well as atrocious, yet he admits those to be Christians who practice, defend and glorify it, and deprecates censure, not only of churches which are silent upon it for the sake of the union, and of politicians who are its declared champions, but of the numerous preachers who defend it!

He suggests, as a sufficient reason for refraining from such censure, that we should perhaps do the same things in similar circumstances.

He further intimates that such censure is not a Christian method of proceeding.

Clearly recognizing that the Fremonsters did not aim, the least in the world, at immediate emancipation, that they did not propose to touch slavery in the States at all, and that they were ready to concede its indefinite and unmoored continuance there, he yet speaks of the large minority attained in the vote for Fremon in the following pre

ures: its spectre drives back prosperity, great c

es, to regenerate the public sentiment in whatever local

COLFORTEUR.

Brookline, Feb. 1, 1897.

21 Cornhill.....Boston.

## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

## TO THE BRANDYWINE.

On its banks in West Chester, October 7, 1856.

By the author of "THE PATRIOT'S HOPE."

Room in thy vale, O Brandywine!

A Pilgrim bends above thy stream,

And strolls among these aisles of thine,

Upon thy fabled Past to dream,

And o'er its history brooding, sigh

Thy Present can so smiling be,

While only Doubt's despairing eye

Into thy Future fate can see!

Soft! reverent be the pilgrim's tread—

The place is holy! holier spot

Than this, that shines these sacred dead,

The earth 'mong all her shrines hath not!

These sacred dead! known no more here—

And yet to every patriot's eye

They lie behind an atmosphere

Radiant as that of bowers on high!

Rank weeds above their ashes wave—

No sculptured marble mocks their worth—

Yet memories cluster round each grave,

As blest'd as ever known on earth!

And while a heart for Right shall bleed,

And to the voice of Freedom bleed,

Long will it to this vale retreat,

And consecrate it 'Holy Ground'!

The spirit of the morning sighs,

The roses tremble in their bloom,

As Battle came, with deadly stride,

And sweep them to this nameless tomb—

And as each sword and helmet fell,

How Freedom trembled, shuddered, wept,

Thou high'd in vain, O stream, to tell

The secret in thy bosom slept.

Slept, pillowed on thy crimsoned waves!

Swift witness shall thy waking be,

When Judgment holds this land of slaves

Up for the test of Deity!

That secret pillowed thus! O stream,

No diamond wave of Palestine

E'er gave to Song so rapt a theme,

Or held so high a trust, as thine!

And yet, alas! in vain that trust,

In vain the theme to history given,

For Freedom, from each altar thrust,

Prays to be taken back to heaven!

Like shade advancing on the light,

The Curse these martyrs led to stay,

Still spreads our land with deadly blight,

And holds almost a sovereign's sway!

Room in thy vale, O placid stream!

Fresh martyr-blood is flowing free,

And he who dares indulge the dream

That this 'a land of liberty,

Is weltering senseless in the gore

That calls to thee, O Brandywine!

To wash it from the Senate's floor!

Room, room, in every wave of thine!

Room in thy halls, O martyr dead!

Break ground again for heroes dead,

Who held as sacred Freedom's trust,

And for its unsuccess bled!

Take the new treasures of thy rest,

As erst, with dirge of muffled drum,

As trophies wreathed from Freedom's host,

From Kansas' bleeding plains they come!

Alas! no voice returns the waves,

Except in music soft and sweet,

And silent in this place of graves,

As if pressed by an angel's feet!

O sunlight! making glad the earth!

O joyous air! O laughing waves!

How can ye seem so full of mirth

Above a land of chains and slaves!

## NATURE AND HER LOVER.

By CHARLES MACKEY.

I remember the time, thou roiling sea,

When thy voice was the voice of Infinity,—

A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May-flowers,

When your odors and hues in the fields and bowers

Fell on my soul as on grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,

When thy voice in the woods, to my dreaming mind,

Seemed the sigh of the earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye sun and stars,

When ye raised my soul from mortal bars,

And bore it through heaven in your golden cars.

And has it, then, vanished, that dreamlike time,

Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime,

Dead to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah, no! ah, no! amid sorrow and pain,

When the world and its ills oppress my brain,

In the world of spirit I rove, I reign.

I feel a deep and a pure delight

In the luxuries of sound and sight,—

In the opening day, in the closing night.

The voices of youth go with me still,

Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and

The hill:

In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill,

Every flower is a lover of mine,

Every star is a friend divine;

For me they blossom, for me they shine.

To give me joy the oceans roll,

They breathe their secrets to my soul,

With me they sing, with me they conde.

Man cannot harm me, if he would;

I have such friends for my every mood,

In the overflowing solitude.

Fate cannot touch me: nothing can stir

To put nature or hate of her

'Twixt Nature and her worshipper.

Sing to me, flowers, preach to me, skies!

Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes!

Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries!

Sigh to me, winds! ye forests, nod!

Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod!

Ye are mine, all mine—in the peace of God!

## THE FACES OF THE POOR.

By MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

We call those faces! men's and women's—aye,

And children's—babies, hanging like a rag

Forgotten on their mother's knee,—poor moths,

Wiped clean of mother's milk by mother's blow,

Before they are taught her cursing. Faces—pew,

Or sorrows petrifying to vices; not

A finger-touch of God left whole on them!

All ruined, lost—the countenance worn out

As the garments, the will dissolute as the acts,

The passions loose, and dragging in the dirt

To trip the foot up at the first free step!

Those faces!—'twas as you had stirred up hell

To leave its lowest drag-ends upmost

In fiery swirls of slime—such strangled fronts,

Such obdurate jaws were thrown up constantly,

To twist you with your race, corrupt your blood,

And grind to devilish colors all your dreams

Henceforth,—though, haply, you should drop asleep

By clink of silver waters in a muse

Of Raphael's mild Madonnas of the Bird.

## The Liberator.

## SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

At the Disunion Convention held in the City Hall,

Worcester, January, 15 1857, (Evening Session.)

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MR. VEREINTON.

MR. PRESIDENT:

I was giving, this afternoon, some reasons for being a Disunionist. One of the chief,—one, indeed, that includes all the others,—is, as it seems to me, that we are essentially two nations, and it is always wise to have that in form which we have in essence. All

shams and all falsehoods are necessarily evil. No one can for a moment deny, that, judging the North and the South by the fairest test, their press, we are essentially two nations,—just as much as France and England. Take the remarks of the Southern press on the Summer outrage, can you find its parallel in the French or English press, even at the time of the bitterest hate between the two people. Look at that Senate! Almost every desk filled with revolvers;—as your statement leave the Capitol, their friends look

watchfully after them, expecting some dastard assault,—members of Congress walking the streets of Washington with cocked pistols under their cloaks;—and that is the government, the boasted result of forty thousand pulpits, innumerable free schools, and a model Constitution, for sixty years! Even when it had reached its nadir of infamy, as we thought, in Webster, Calhoun and Clay, no decent member ever carried a pistol into the Senate chamber; but it is the most extravagant heroism or the most thoughtless heedlessness to go there without one now. The Senate is claimed as the bright consummate flower of the country. Such, then, is your Senate—such, then, is your government! Can it be considered, in any sense, the government of one, of an harmonious nation? It seems to me impossible. Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, said to be the holder of thirteen hundred slaves, the richest man in his State, has come as far north as Providence before he dares confess that he disapproves the conduct of Brooks. I have been told by members of Congress, that he never peeped or muttered his dissent at Washington. The wealthiest man in South Carolina dares not cross the path of her representative bully! What perfect vassalage of social and public life to the rovidism of that drunken

crowd that we call the House of Representatives! In these letters which we have received, men profess to look for great success from certain political efforts at the North. We can best judge the future by the past—that is fair judgment, within certain limits. Girt about by the same circumstances, no man can expect the future to be essentially different from the past. Point me to one single success in the past, on the Northern side. I know of but one that can be pretended,—it is the vindication, or what was supposed to be the vindication, of freedom of debate on the floor of Congress. Is the record of that triumph written in the assassination of CHARLES SUMNER? JOHN QUINCY ADAMS went to his grave thanking God that the seal of debate was broken. It was; and the record of the blood was the assassination of a Senator. Is that the freedom of debate? This freedom of debate, is that no man speaks his mind there in safety, without a revolver in his hand and a friend behind him to watch. Yet this is the only approach to a triumph on the part of Northern politics. Look over the catalogue: Fugitive Slave Law—Florida—Texas—Louisiana—Missouri Compromise—Kansas and Nebraska—everywhere where the triumph is Southern. Now, I ask any intelligent, candid man, on what basis he can found his expectation that the next fifty years are to be essentially different from the past?

How much more frank, candid, honorable and statesmanlike is the letter of Mr. GIDDINGS than that of Mr. WILSON! How much more profound is his understanding of the philosophy of the reform movement! He has learned by the experience of twenty years of gallant battle in behalf of the right;—it has been the normal school of his heart. (Applause.) In that school, he has been a diligent and willing pupil. His letter begins by tracing historically the influence of the government, and he says that, tested by the whole past, the government is a failure; that the government is destructive of all the noble purposes for which it was instituted. Mark how strong the language! It is just what Adams said, that the animating spirit of the Federal Government, since 1830, had been to extend and perpetuate slavery. GIDDINGS comes to the same conclusion—it is destructive of all the noble purposes for which it was founded!

I respect the heart of J. R. GIDDINGS—it is in the right place. He is a statesman worthy of the name, and for this reason: he knows the excellent use of just such a movement as this, outside and beneath his own. I am sorry to say that HENRY WILSON does not know it, or has been frightened out of the willingness to confess it by the catchword of Mr. Brown. Mr. GIDDINGS knows this, that standing there, he is not the creator of public opinion, but merely the user of that which we are to create for him. The politician merely represents the average of present opinion; he has usually no heart, often no time, and seldom any power, to plant the seeds of a better future of public thought.

Mr. President, the use of such meetings as these, is that we are all free here. No man has any thing to gain or lose from the meeting. The platform, especially, has lost all the reputation it ever had; and having thrown off this burden, it can run the race of investigation totally unfettered. There is the great use of such meetings. You go into a political meeting, and Mr. A. cannot avow his own sentiments—he is afraid of hurting the election of Mr. B. I know the American statesmen who have emphatically confessed that they had not enjoyed the luxury of speaking their minds for twenty years. Of course, men moving in such fetters cannot create public opinion on such a subject as slavery. Why did Mr. WILSON write such a letter to this Convention? He wants to use it when he is next attacked in the Senate. It was not written for Worcester, but for the Washington Union. Yes, he desires to have us repudiate him. One of the keenest lobbying members of the Fremont party came home from Pennsylvania, before election, and asked me to urge Mr. GARRISON to write an article against Fremont as bitter as he could make it. 'I know he will be worth a thousand votes to him,' said he; 'I know the very Districts where he will gain as many.' These are the politician's plans—I am not finding fault with them; but GIDDINGS is more than a politician. He recognizes the fact that, outside and beyond his method, a wider, broader, deeper movement is necessary, which shall prepare for crises yet to come; and although he cannot come on this platform, he is willing to say, 'God speed, gentlemen! I do not see where, from your point of view, but it may be good and perhaps necessary; and thought at present my convictions may differ from yours, go ahead, and God bless you!' Such a politician as that is worthy to stand and do the work of to-day; and you may be certain, that when another day dawns, he will do the work of tomorrow also.

That is the work I ask of a political party. I ask it not to be afraid of something stronger and wider, more reckless and aggressive, than itself. The Republican party shrinks from the reputation of being aggressive; but the only strength of a minority is in attack. The mistake, as it seems to me, with the Republicans in Congress is, that they act only on the defensive. I know but one man, and that is SEWARD, who is wise enough to understand this. He never defends his course, rarely if ever explains his position, and never apologizes. If you are one man fighting three, do nothing but strike every head you see (applause); aggression—attack—the blows thick and

fast, not stopping to say what you mean or why you strike—let the enemy find out the result. Aggression is the strength of a minority always, and especially in a fight like ours. You go into a political caucus; it is not safe to discuss this deep, wide, radical question—you must count votes to-morrow. You cannot plant seeds for the harvest two or three years hence. What I ask of the Republicans is, to do their own work, and be kind enough to let us alone—to throw no obstacles in our way. How does Mr. WILSON know that, in the progress of events, another method may not be necessary? GIDDINGS sees that it may be, and therefore he sends us a letter full of that deep, sympathetic, tolerant love of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, which, though he takes his own course, leaves a free door open to others.

Now that I have recognized what I regard as sound, wise and generous in Mr. Giddings's letter, I want to criticize him a little. What is the point he makes? He says, 'Don't go out of the Union! Stick to it! Stand to the same form as at present!' What for? Why, he continues, 'We will purify ourselves; we will get rid of the servility and vassalage that masters us as a nation; we will redeem the government to what it was in '89.' What then? These we are to say to the slaveholders in the separate States, 'If you will not abolish slavery, go out!' That is the programme. Look at it! We are to stay just where we are, until, with the help of this rotten South, we have cleansed the Union, (a South so rotten that it will not be safe to keep it in a clean Union); and when we have done that, we are to say to this very South, 'Purify yourselves, free your slaves, or go off!' Pray, Mr. GIDDINGS, what help is this perpetual sore of the South to be to us in this process of cleansing ourselves? What is the use of staying in the Union for the next twenty years, merely to clean ourselves, at the risk of breaking up at last? Why not come out now, and do it alone? This corrupt South will not, cannot help us much in such an effort. I humbly submit, that if Massachusetts should lack the aid of Mr. Brooks, she would cleanse herself full as quickly. (Applause.) If the only purpose is purification, what help is the South in that process? None at all. She is a *minus quantity*, as they say in mathematics. Mr. GIDDINGS's philosophy is at fault. If he will only cut himself off, and let the South go at once, he will purify the North much quicker than if he continues surrounded by the perpetual temptation of the South. The very act of Disunion is half purification. Suppose one of the Siamese twins should die, and the other should sicken in consequence of the corrupting influence of the dead body he was compelled to drag about with him, and the physicians should advise, 'Don't cut the ligament; let it remain till your health is firmly reestablished, and then cut it asunder!' That is exactly Mr. GIDDINGS's philosophy. And, after all, he professes to gain nothing. At the end of his process, he is to risk Disunion, which is the only risk we hazard now.

Look at another point. His whole philosophy is, to get the government back where it was in '89. Suppose we do that. Suppose that, having wasted a whole generation, by immense struggles and sacrifices, by the most disinterested virtue, so much has been accomplished—what have we done? We stand just where our fathers did—the same Constitution, the same blood, the same literature, the same customs and habits about us; who will guarantee that we shall not reach the same result? Given the same captain and crew, a ship freighted under the same charter, the same instructions, we are to set our sails and steer off. Who can be sure that we shall not accomplish precisely the same voyage? Of course we shall make the very same harbor; and having tried the experiment and failed, why do we go back to risk ourselves in the same circumstances? There is an old proverb in England, 'it is only the fool who strikes his foot twice against the same stone.' If we undertake to set out from the same point, with the same pilot, of course we shall come up at the same harbor—Guinea; a slave-trading, piratical voyage. (Applause.) Yet this is all Mr. GIDDINGS proposes. There is to be no new guarantee, no new form; he supposes us to go back to '89, and then we are to say to the South, 'Abolish slavery, or go off!' Why, gentlemen, our fathers were as good men as we are likely to have when we get to that fabled point; and our fathers tried to say that very thing, but it stuck in their throats. Gouverneur Morris prayed them on his knees to say it, and they would not. With 70,000 slaves, and no cotton, they could not articulate so much decision; are you quite sure that with 4,000,000 slaves, and the cotton crop, we shall all refuse to say anything else? Massachusetts, in 1789, refused to say it; who knows that Massachusetts, in 1875, will do better? We are creatures of the circumstances about us. In the same circumstances, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, we shall go the same way.

I except, therefore, to the philosophy of Mr. GIDDINGS; yet it is the best letter in the bunch. There is more true appreciation of our movement in it than in all the rest. He understands himself and the cause better, and he is better able to bear the neighborhood of an odious Disunionist than any other man. He is not ashamed of his natural parent. The maple leaf GIDDINGS is not ashamed of the root GARRISON. (Loud applause.) He knows the root whereon he grew, and the soil out of which he sprang, and he is not ashamed to own it. Having had his horse stolen, he proposes to put the animal into the same stable, and leave the door open. That is his policy, and there is nothing in it. Disunion is the simple and only remedy. We tried the experiment with Washington, and Rutledge, and Jay, and Wythe, and Morris, the best men of the nation—it has failed. We tried it when the country was comparatively poor—it failed. We are to try it again with the children of the Cushings, the Pierces, the Buchanans, and the Marcys, with wealth rolling in like a flood, and smothering all public virtue with temptation,—we are to try it with an empire looting to one side with annexation, and there is not half the chance that we shall succeed the second time even half as well as at first. Disunion says, 'Change the circumstances, before you start on the voyage.' That is all it says. But all we ask of you to-night is, simply to take the matter into consideration. While you go on with your politics, still, in the depth and silence of your own hearts, ask yourselves, 'Is this effectual, after all? Men that are afraid to utter their own sentiments—can they be trusted? Men who write letters, not as answers to communications received, but as preparation for defence against future attacks—are they to be trusted? I came to this meeting because it is one where each man is allowed to launch out and sound on and on in this attempt to seek out a remedy for a great national evil. No man is obliged to take the shibboleth of Union on his lips to begin with. When a nation is at fault, when sagacity is at fault, the best policy is to seek counsel and advice everywhere. We cannot make a counsel and we cannot prepare for them. We cannot hurry on a question like this, God in his Providence lets the South give us its text; all we have to do is to preach the sermons. Brooks is the best of texts—the first verse of the new Gospel of Liberty. I say, we cannot create crises, but we can prepare for them. Our object in this movement is to prepare public opinion for the future need.

My friend STEPHEN FOSTER proposes a certain political arrangement, and his object, he says, is not Disunion, in the sense we use it, but it is a certain union with the slaves. I object. His object, uncovered from words, is simply to get possession of the United States Government, and then repudiate the United States Government, and then repudiate the United States Government of South Carolina, and set up another—that of the blacks. But he is to do this through the present political organization of the States. Massachusetts cannot go down bodily to put down South Carolina and set up the slaves; it is to be

done by the National Government. He wants, therefore, to retain that Government for one purpose, as Wilson wants it for another. I object to both. You never can get, in fifty years, a majority of this nation in favor of a dissolution of the Union. I do not expect it. If you number up thirty-one States and twenty-five millions of people, you will never get a majority in our time. In the vast confusion of the complicated interests of our great nation, we cannot tell when we can redeem it. But this we can do, God be thanked! this nation is made up of thirty-one independent sovereignties. If we can pick off one, we break the arch. Do you suppose that, if SEWARD had been assailed as SUMNER was, that you would have seen the Spanish Massachusetts? No; you would have seen the bull-dog of the Empire State. She would have hung Brooks on Pennsylvania Avenue in twenty-four hours. Massachusetts had been beaten so often that she did not know how to do anything but whine. Do you think the Empire State would have borne it? I believe not; five hundred men would have found their way to Washington in twenty-four hours. What we want is to prepare for another such crisis. For another such outrage, we can create a public opinion ready to say, 'Thus far, and no farther! We send you no more Senators.' If the Supreme Court undertakes to annihilate the decision in the Med case, of which Massachusetts is so proud, we can, if we do our duty for a couple of years, put such a Chief Justice on the bench of Massachusetts as will defy the Supreme Court, and put Massachusetts judiciously out of the Union. (Applause.)

Mr. President, these are the crises for which we can prepare. We only want public opinion ready for them. In order to get it, we do not want letters like HENRY WILSON's, we want Conventions like this, to familiarize men with the argument, to let them know the current of the fight, to let them anticipate the probable contingencies of events, and be prepared for them. What would have been nobler in Massachusetts than to have said, when CHARLES SUMNER came North, 'The Senate will vindicate her own walls from blood, before Massachusetts sends her valiant sons to sit in them?' We can create a public opinion that will be at boiling heat enough to do it, when next the occasion comes. We need not fear but we shall have crises enough. The madness of the victim God's hand is ready to strike will yield us them abundantly.

Men ask how we expect to dissolve the Union, except by the ballot-box. I expect to have it dissolved for me. I do not expect to go to the ballot-box. I do not believe I shall ever go there. As far as my memory goes, I never did go. It was an accidental absence for some years, but a purpose one for years afterwards. With due care, we may, with the present state of things, around the nation,—if you will only take away the timidity of some Senators, and the caution, whispered caution of some Republican leaders, and let Yankee tongues wag loose, at least at home, if not at Washington. If we pay them three thousand dollars a year for speaking half their minds at Washington, at least let them purchase us the liberty of speaking the whole of our own at home.

We can prepare for these events in the future by weighing the Union,—by taking down its high pretensions,—by letting the gas out of the balloon that has been blown up by the fuming pretensions of many aspirants for office, which, thank God! they never got,—by taking down this lofty picture, and looking at it, not in the glare of gas, but in the cool daylight of a clear conscience. Then look on the other side of the medal: see what Disunion means; see what it will bring to bear upon the slave himself, upon the independence of Northern minds. I spoke of JOHN PIERCE this afternoon. Take such a man as EVERETT; and although he has not, and never had, anything but a muscle where usually there is a heart to beat the blood flowing, yet you know he is the 'Plato' of Massachusetts,—a scholar in its highest form,—the bright consummate flower in the republic of letters. What a slave he is! He undertook to tell the story of Washington, whose great claim on the gratitude of the universe,—at this hour, when the world, marshalled into two great parties, rushes to battle on the greatest question of the age, that of bondage,—it is that, though sunk in the corruption of a criminal institution, and dying in its embrace, he dared to leave on record an emphatic and eloquent protest against the crime from which he was never able to struggle away; and yet the 'Plato of Massachusetts,' whose feet had been baptized in the soil of every battlefield of Freedom, from Bunker Hill to Thermopylae, went from city to city, and from State to State, and 'remembered to forget' that Washington ever uttered an anti-slavery word! That is the result of the Union—it takes the main-spring out of scholarship. So with PIERCE, when he published that second edition of his never-to-be-forgotten 'First-Class Book,' and dated the preface on the day Anthony Burns, with his two thousand body-guard, was carried out of Boston, and hoped the public would be pleased with the alterations he had made,—leaving out every anti-slavery word! That is your Union!

Shall we not tell these facts?—shall we not talk about them? Shall we not ask whether these are the accidental or natural results of the Union? Are we not at liberty to ask, Will these things change? Are we not at liberty to try to save our future Everetts and Pierces? Who shall say that the temptation that bowed down Pierce, with the laurels of fifty well-fought fields on his brow, shall not prove omnipotent over all our literary men in the future? Are we not at liberty to prepare an anti-slavery feeling, inevitable, aggressive, intelligent, determined to be stopped by no obstacle, frightened by no superstitious reverence, but to reach the hovels of the Carolinas, no matter how many parchments are stretched over their doors?

That is all we ask of you. It is nothing very courageous, after all. You will only have to cut up a parchment which your fathers blurred,—only to cut the bitter words which they ought never to have written,—only to walk backward and cover their shame. Who believes I do not—that SUMNER, ASH, if he lived to-day, would be found clustered with ROBERT C. WILSON? No, he would be here, the loudest yelper of us all. (Loud applause.) If he could make himself heard, he would rap on every panel of that vault, and ask us to believe, at least, in the sincerity of his truth to freedom, and to feel that he never intended, never labored for, such a history as that of the last sixty years. To think this is showing only a decent respect to the purposes of the fathers. CHARLES SUMNER says that the fathers of the Revolution meant that Liberty should have the support of this nation. If they did, we, Mr. President, are helping out their good intentions. We simply propose to take them at their word, and since their scaffolding has failed to put up the majestic cathedral they intended to rear, we will put up a better scaffolding, and by and by we shall see the true cross glittering at the top.

We have a right to abolish and change governments—certainly we have. 'Treason!' Who was it said it was treason? It ought to be. Treason runs in the blood that flowed out on Bunker Hill. I hope we shall never submit to incultation to avoid the disease. The dog runs naturally to water; so the Yankee runs naturally to treason,—to treason to any institution that seeks to gag his lips. When a man's lips shape themselves easily to the cry of 'Treason,' I know he is a regular descendant of George the Third and Lord North. Old Dr. Beecher used to say that he liked Calvinism, because Calvin had the same objections thrown at him that were thrown at St. Paul. Then GARRISON is JOHN HANCOCK come in a new body, for he sits up the same objections that were raised against him; and tried by that test, our movement is the same cause with that of our fathers, only cramped out in a new place.

What I want to do, in regard to this question of Disunion is, to direct public attention to the possibility of Disunion, to familiarize the public ear to the word Disunion, at any rate, to disarm it of its hitherto terrors. I want to familiarize the idea to the people of Massachusetts, and when that is done, leave events to stereotype it into practice. I do not believe in attempting to cover the whole nation with the same purpose—it would take too long. We have covered Wisconsin so that she stands a rebellious State to-day—God bless her! (Loud cheers.) Her Chief Justice ought to be hung as a traitor. He never will be. She is so much in the gristle, that men do not mind her as they would a State that had hardened, as Burke says, into the bone of manhood. If you could get Massachusetts to do the same act, how the Washington Union would abuse her, and chivalrous Virginia tremble as if the Tennessee slaves had really risen in revolt!

Cherish these meetings; spread them; repeat them in defiance of parties and partisan leaders; sound on in the discussion of this question; let the plummet down; try all the formulas of logic; it may be that at last, as in the Arabian story, some fortunate tongue may pronounce, accidentally, the magic charm that will make the door of the Bastille fly open. You have only to go on. I claim the right to investigate! Growl, Mr. Wilson, if you will, you cannot stop my Yankee right to ask questions. I got it from the old bulk of the Mayflower; it was planted on Plymouth Rock, and there it stands; and as long as a Yankee tongue wags, there never shall be a sin so popular, so deeply planted, so omnipotent, nor so delusive to the ambition of Senators, that it can bribe every Yankee tongue to keep still; and if there be one wagging, it will yet call the travelling courage of Yankeeism back, and make us worthy to keep Bunker Hill still in the State. (Loud applause.)

From the Worcester (H.) Excelsior, Dec. 18.

Lectured last Sunday evening, to a crowded audience, in Dickinson Hall. The subject was, 'Agitation,' and was handled in a masterly manner, but we were disappointed. We had heard much relating to Wendell Phillips—the Garrisonian abolitionist, the bigoted, treacherable, self-righteous fanatic,—the